

Going to Pittsburgh

In and between the cities
the go-go girls are bluffing.
They really will not step down
and lie on a corner table.

The men prefer the ones
who look most like coeds.
The men have come there
from factories or softball.

Their eyes do not love
one another's eyes; their
wives or girlfriends are home
changing sheets or channels.

And their in-laws fail to
understand them, their sons
wear faggoty hair -- Something
is hungry; it is not fed.

In and between the cities
the night is ungenerous.
The pizza and hamburgers
are thin; hitchhikers freeze.

The car-hops don't jounce.
The motels are unfriendly;
their neon dims. Their walls
are sick of self-abortions.

Something is hungry; it is
not fed -- In and near cities
the martinis aren't working.
The heads of industry are sad.

Their candidates don't win.
Their alma maters won't let
them re-enroll; their suicide
notes have comma splices.

In and between the cities
the stares of the Negroes
are causing cigarette burns
in beds of the middle class.

The husbands do not know
how to load the small arms
they have bought for summer.
They think often of Sweden.

They think that in rooms
behind drapes in Negro bars
the Navajos learn karate,
and soon they will be right.

Something in and between
the cities is hungry; it is
not fed. This is no season
to learn the names of birds --

It is no time for that.

-- Dennis Trudell

From an Old Dylan Thomas Fan

wander against him
Scuzi.

"It's all right," he says
like the other Dylan
and he motions politely

for the parade to pass.
What a lovable mime
in his bowing,

as those who sing well
often move just right.

I say I see
what you are doing
though they would

pry up flagstones
for your -- ummmm -- "return."

I say I understand
but he says ah ooga and
halloo in his horn and
offs again.